Being, His Divine *Voice, our* Higher Self, a Self other than
our own, the Evangel which He is revealing in each soul,
the Oracle which He has set up in each bosom to perform
certain sacred functions in His Divine Government.
It is the conscience, that on our acting against its dictates
engenders in us a feeling of personal anguish of an over-whelm-
ing sense of unworthiness for having rebelled against God,
for having broken an obligation, and for having risen in
insurrection against His authority. It is the conscience
that on our disregarding its mandates haunts us with a
tormenting sense of a -tearful, broken-hearted sorrow, such
as crushes us on hurting a mother. It is the conscience,
that ruthless critic, that never gives man rest one single
moment, but accuses, hurts, exposes, ever the angel of ven-
geance who searches every hiding place and points to every
spot of guilt and like a dreadful demogorgon pursues him
at all times and in all places, deprives him of peace by day
and rest by night and leaves him at last a fool and a wretch—
at once an object of pity and a victim of scorn.
Such is the terrific and most peculiar force of the moral

$ense when we have done evil. But suppose that, instead of
that, I have done well. In great temptation, and to the
loss, not only of wealth, but of dear friends and of that
repute among men which seems the very jewel of life, I have
done the difficult, painful right. What is my emotion then ?
Great sorrow at my grievous losses-;
perhaps even some
passing wave of bitterness at the injustice of men ; but,
deeper down than that, a wonderful satisfaction and peace,
a sense of harmony with what is highest and best and most
enduring and most inwrought into the eternal framework
of things. The suffering and sorrow are great. But I would
not undo my conduct if I could. I am so far satisfied with
myself and my satisfaction is absolutely consistent with the
truest modesty and the deepest humility. In other words,